NUMB. XXXIII.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Oſtendat Tibi Te. —— HOR.

MONDAY, JULY 13. 1724.

AMONG ſome extraordinary Epiſtles, which have been lately ſent me, I had the Honour to receive the following, from the Right Worſhipful Mr. Alderman *Blunder:* But, not thinking fit to Reply to it, explicitely, I have only it, *Ad Referendum*, as our Good Neighbours, *Dutch States*, receive Petitions, which they find ſelves inclinable to Anſwer with the Political uence of *ſaying nothing*.

l R,

nd Mr. *Will. Weathercock*, were at a Tavern, with *Ned Volatile*; who may have *Wit*, for any thing ow to the contrary: But, as for *Money*, I dare be ive, That the firſt Time he ſaves *Six-pence*, will when he has but a *Groat* in his Pocket. And this extravagant young Fellow (as I have lately well inform'd) has the underhand Impudence *ake Love to my Daughter!* —— A Whim took while we were merry together, that He muſt himſelf, forſooth, to *Scribbling*. —— Preſently, omes into my Head, That He was writing a Love- ter to my Daughter: And ſo, pretending to mind hing but Talking, I lean'd back in my Chair, and look'd what He was doing. —— But, as if the ng Rogue had had Eyes in his Elbows, He broke what he had begun, and writ, thus, in a new Place. *— If an impertinent Old Fellow, that ſits by me, did overlook what I am Writing, I ſhould have told you leaſant Secret*—— I let him alone, as far as this; , then, being thoroughly provok'd, at his calling Names, I told him roundly, *That he was a r, and an unmannerly young Coxcomb, to pretend to te Folks word, that I overlook'd his Letter, when I not ſo much as ſeen a ſingle Word of all that he had en writing.*—— The only Anſwer he gave me, was, *Laugh* till he tumbled out of his Chair. But I ou'd have him to know, that this is no ſuch laugh- g Matter. Mr. *Weathercock*, ſays, He is in the *rong:* But, that He was in the *Right* of it too. I on't much like this Deciſion, becauſe I can't tell hat to make of it; ſo I reſolv'd to referr it to ou; and, pray tell the pert young Jackanapes *his wn:* which is the Needful.

I reſt, Yours to ſerve you,

HABAKKUK BLUNDER.

P. S: *Mr.* Thomas Tireſom *has ſomething to ſay, which He will write, by the ſame Hand.*

Worthy SIR,

MY good Friend, the Alderman, ſaying, He was to write to you upon extraordinary Buſineſs, makes me lay hold on this Opportunity, to ask a little of your Wiſe Advice, What I ſhall do with the Sum of Twelve Hundred and Ninety Three Pounds Sterling, which are come back upon my own Hands, by ſelling out my *India Stock*, very ſeaſonably, upon this Melancholy Story, that is whiſper'd about, ſo cautiouſly, concerning the *Great Mogull's* Entering into an Alliance againſt *Prince Tockmas*, and the *Czar of Muſcovy?* —— My Brother is for *South-Sea Dipping*: Becauſe, now, ſays he, It is Low-Water, in thoſe Parts, and the Danger of Drowning not half ſo great, as it was formerly. But, I believe, I ſhall ſtay, till their New Houſe is quite finiſh'd; and, then, perhaps, I may, for any Thing I ſee to the contrary, ſtay ſtill a little longer: For the young King of *Spain* ſeems to have more in his Head than ordinary. They ſay He is *angry with the Iriſh* already, becauſe of the Buſtle they made at *Cadiz* lately; and, if the *next he falls out with* ſhou'd be the *Engliſh*, *South-Sea* will go near to pinch for it. —— beſides, who can tell (you know) what may happen, upon the Choice of this *New Pope?* He won't let People wear good Cloaths: And, ſome of our Publick Prints ſay, That He is ſo horribly Covetous, that He makes the Old Cardinals go bald-headed, to ſave the Charge of buying Periwigs! Pray, what can be His Meaning, in all this, but only to ruin the *Proteſtant Intereſt*, and make *Stocks fall*, to deſtroy *Trade*, in downright Spite to *Old England?* The poor Bays Makers, at *Colcheſter*, ſeem to ſuffer for it, already: And the Weavers, that are *Up*, about *Columpton*, have much ado to be kept *Quiet* at it! —— Then, again, What cou'd the *French King* mean, by calling Home the *Marſhal de Villeroy?* I make no Doubt, but there is ſome Miſchief in *That* too. — In ſhort, while Things ſtand in this tickliſh Poſture, a wary Man will think twice, before he runs into the *Stocks*. —— Indeed, if the King of *Pruſſia* ſhould come over, there might be ſome Reaſon for venturing: But, as it is, I am afraid, I muſt lay out my Money in *Lottery Tickets:* For, when all comes to all, *That* is the only *abſolute Certainty*. — Knowing you to be a long-headed, ſtaid Man, therefore, would be glad to have your Opinion, in a Matter of ſuch extraordinary Difficulty.

Your Friend,

THOMAS TIRESOM.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

I Am a good agreeable young Woman, of a very *Loyal* Family: and have a moſt mortal Averſion for a *Roundhead*. It gives me no ſmall Pain to obſerve how faſt they increaſe, in this preſent Generation. Pray, make publick Proclamation, in the Name of *Us our ownſelf*, and many Hundreds, unſubſcribing, *Spinſters, who adhere to our Opinion*, "That "a Fat, Chubby Face, with a Short, Thick Neck, "and Broad, Big Shoulders, were never made for "*Nightcap Periwigs*, of the New, Scarecrow Model! "that ſhew the *Ears* a little of the *Longeſt*: but all "the Reſt of the Head, as *Round*, and as *Empty*, as a "Cypher." — Give the *Great* O's this Hint, from

Your humble Servant,

ARAMINTA SQUEAMISH.

Old PLEASANT ONES,

THIS comes to acquaint you, That my Dear Spouſe is taken Sick, of a ſudden, and ſtands in Need, to the utmoſt Degree, of that Experience in *Mind-Midwifery*, which you gave out Bills about, in your

your XXVIIth Paper. — Pray, let Mr. *Doctor Jyngle* be ſent for, immediately: And beg him to come away, whether His Chariot is brought Home or no. — We muſt have him, tho' He comes in a Wheelbarrow. — The Bearer knows how to bring him: And, pray, let his *Emetics* be ſuch as will work deep, and fetch up *Choler*, as well as *Flegm*. — Raging *Jealouſy* is the Diſtemper: And, if the *Bitter*, and *Green*, and *Yellow*, that lie as low as my poor *Fubſy*'s Heart, is not, all, brought away by it, he had e'en as good *give her a Caudle*.

But, unleſs this Doctor *Jyngle* has better Phyſick, for Sick Minds, than thoſe *Poetical Pills*, which you preſcribe, out of the *Claſſical Diſpenſatory*, I ſhall have little Faith in his *Modus* of *Practiſing*. — I have try'd, to no Purpoſe, an admirable *Modern Doctor*, who has given us finer *Recipe's* of that Kind, for Cure of either the Hot or Cold Fits of *Jealouſy*, than the whole College of your *Antients*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*, put together. — I love him at my Heart, and have moſt of his Lectures *without book*. And, I am ſure, He is profoundly Skill'd in my Dear Love's Diſtemper, by this feeling Force, with which he ſpeaks of it.

Oh, Jealouſy! —— *All other Storms are* Calms
To Thee! —— *Thou* Conflagration *of the Soul!*

That Word *Conflagration*, is the very Picture of my *Fubſy*'s Symptoms! — I had prepared, from the Salutary Works of this Learned Gentleman, a healing *Linctus*, that I thought Infallible, if my afflicted Deary cou'd be perſuaded but to apply her Tongue to it now and then, in order to dulcify her picquant Palate, when the acid Particles ſhould riſe too vehemently. I had got it ready written, upon a Sheet of her own Gilt Paper; and the laſt time ſhe was taken, I gave it kindly into her Hands, and deſired her to apply it moderately. She look'd it over, with great Compoſure; and I began to conceive ſuch Hope, that I took up an untaſted *Sillabub*, that had juſt been ſet before us, and intreated her, if the Phyſick was too bitter, that ſhe wou'd waſh down the Taſte of it, with a Sip or two of that emollient Sweetner. But the Spout was no ſooner within a Foot of her pretty Lips, when the *Conflagration*, abovementioned, blaz'd out at both her Eyes; and, with a frightful flaming Face, ſhe tore the *Recipe* in a thouſand Pieces; and burnt ſo ſtrong, and ſo outragiouſly, that, fearing I ſhou'd be ſcorch'd as ſhe flew toward me, and not being, juſt then, provided with one of Mr. *Godfrey's Chymical Extinguiſhers*, I had no way left to quench the Fire, but by the Affuſion of my *Sillabub*; which, very fortunately, *put her out*, by the Copiouſneſs of its Adheſion. But I was ſo frighted at the Ebullition that enſued immediately upon it, that I ran away as faſt as I was able; having left her a good deal cool'd, and in a fair way to be quite extinguiſh'd.

I thought it proper to give you this Intelligence, how far I have fail'd, that Doctor *Jyngle* may come, prepar'd, with more powerful, and ſearching Remedies. — Let him make but a thorough Cure, and I'll warrant him we do his Buſineſs. There are Nine-and-Thirty Ladies of Quality, of my *Fubſy*'s particular Acquaintance, who are All down, at this very Time, of the ſelf-ſame Diſtemper; and All taken, too, with the *Conflagration*, exactly as ſhe, herſelf, is. He ſhall never want Good Patients, if his *Emeticks* but go to the Bottom. — I am, in no ſmall Impatience,

Dear Pleasant Ones,

Thine, moſt Expectantly,

Gregory Dingle, *Knight.*

Mr. Plain-Dealer, *Oxford, July* 1. 1724.

I Have a wonderful Piece of News for you; and deſire, that you will apprize the World, That *Wit* may be *worth ſomething*, when a little *Good fortune* goes along with it. — My *Muſe* was ſo long my *Miſtreſs*, that I began to grow weary of her; and ſhe has been ſo kind, in the very Nick, as to help me to a *Wife*. — I had been in Love above Three Years, and never got three good Words from the dear Tyrant; 'till I went a Fiſhing with her, on Evening, in the middle of laſt Month. — lighted much in Angling, out of an old Su Houſe, over a River, that makes part of her Royalty. — Upon theſe Occaſions, you muſt I was always her *Humble Trout*; and it was fineſs to bait her Hooks, and ſit, and read while ſhe watch'd her Fiſhing Rods. But happy Evening, abovemention'd, I had, upon out of Doctor *Donne*, compos'd Three little *St* and, hiding the Paper they were written in, be the Leaves of one of the Volumes of *Dryden's lanies*, I read her the Title, and Verſes, as i had been part of the Printed Collection.

To a LADY, *who lov'd* Angling.

SOME, by the bending Reed's ſlow Aid,
May boaſt th' unwary Fiſh betray'd:
Others may finny Shoals beſet,
And ſweep 'em with the treach'rous Net.

But, why ſhou'd Sylvia *uſe Deceit,*
Who is, herſelf, her own beſt Bait?
Step but, undreſs'd, within the Brook,
And ſmile at every needleſs Hook;

Each willing Fiſh will round thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch Thee, than thou Him.
Or, if One Fiſh, uncatch'd, goes by,
That Fiſh is Wiſer, far, than I!

She was taken with 'em, as I cou'd wiſh; without dreaming that they were mine, cry'd To hear 'em again; for nothing, ſure! was eve pretty: But, obſerving me very careful to co the Inſide of the Book, ſhe ſnatch'd it out of Hand; and diſcovering her Miſtake, bluſh'd, cry'd *Piſh!* —— and look'd moſt charmingly — But, in ſhort, my Bait took ſo well, that I have got her on a Hook, that ſhe is never like to ſli from, 'till one of us has done with Fiſhing in World; which has at preſent, no happier Creatur it, than

Your moſt fortunate Humble Servant,

Peter Tro

SIR,

IT is ſaid, that *England*, within this laſt Centu is grown Richer, and more Potent, beyond Co pariſon, than in the Days of our Forefathers. I ver believe, it is ſo: Becauſe the Increaſe of Rank We is a natural Indication of Strength in the Soil t breeds them. I was reading, the other Day, That the Reign of King *Edward* the Second, the Numb of *Attorneys* was limited; *and One hundred and Fo declar'd ſufficient, to ſerve the whole Kingdom!*

What a Surpluſage of rapacious Claws has this N tion then to ſpare, if we were diſpos'd to cut our Nai and ſend the Parings to our Neighbours! —— Put t Caſe, Mr. Plain Dealer, That your Frien the *Czar of Ruſſia*, were to borrow Thirty or Fort thouſand of our *Inns o'Court Labourers*, to help h own clumſy Subjects, in Digging that Canal, fo joining the two great Rivers you were mentioning I can but ſmile to think, how Happy they wou make him! — Let his Rivers be never ſo diſtant they will bring 'em together by the Ears; and wor away every Inch of the firm Ground between them — You can't think, what an admirable Talent the have at your *Dirty Work*: for, where-ever they fin a Hole, they never leave it, 'till it is paſt ſtopping. — So, pray, uſe your Intereſt, to procure a Tranſpor tation in That Monarch's Favour, of theſe *Root-and Branch Pioneers*; for 'tis Pity, ſo great a Princ ſhou'd want an Aſſiſtance that we cou'd lend him without doing ourſelves the leaſt Hurt by it. I am,

Yours, as far as is left of me,

Goose Featherlei

EUGENIO *ſhall very ſpeedily ſee the Pleaſur we take in his propoſed Correſpondence.*

And the Complaints of CHLOE *ſhall alſo ſoon meet with proper Regard.*

Printed for J. Roberts, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.